

RAID 20 CHINESE GAMBLING RESORTS

Aided by Masked Japanese, Who Acts as Informer, Detectives Take 66 Prisoners to Station.

BOXES OF MONEY SEIZED

Action of Police Due to Recent Murders in War of Tong Societies—First Move Made as Bell Rings to Announce Winners.

Masked to the roots of his straight, black hair, and his hat drawn over his head, a Japanese "stool pigeon" picked out 66 men in twenty Chinatown gambling places yesterday afternoon. The men caught in the places passed before him in a line, and as "John Dealer" or "John Fantan," or "John Policy" passed by the spy nodded his head or lifted his hands clasped together in the loose stances of his coat.

It was not only the most spectacular raid the quarter has known in years, but was the biggest, with the exception of the one following the Elsie Sigel murder. Commissioner Waldo had set out to accomplish the task that the late Captain Galvin began some years ago to "clean up the district." Inspector John Daly and Captain Frank A. Tierney, of the Elizabeth street station, were in immediate charge of the raid.

The murder of Louis Yu and Chong Peng Seng in Mock Duck's Chu Luk Club, at No. 21 Pell street last week, was what brought about the raid, although the Commissioner had been thinking about such a move for a long time. He had Inspector Daly in for a conference at Headquarters day before yesterday. As a consequence the inspector lined up one hundred uniformed men and ten detectives, besides his personal staff, in the abandoned Eldridge street station about 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon. He divided the men into squads of from two to six men, and handed over the 221 warrants issued by Chief Magistrate McAdoo. Each squad leader had a description of the place he was to raid.

Five o'clock was selected as the hour, for this is when the policy going rings—the time that the winning slips are ready. The inspector let it be known that he was going to take his men down to the Equitable Building fire in lower Broadway, so when they marched to Pell street, the narrow streets of Chinatown presented their usual appearance.

Joined by Man with Mask.

The man with the mask, as the Japanese stool pigeon is picturesquely known, joined the inspector here at Pell street. He is Albert M. Nishimoto, a Boston mission worker, and lives at No. 26 Bowery. He has been collecting evidence for a month. Yesterday he wore the loose clothes of a Chinese, and over his face hung a black silk mask. A detective walked on each side of him.

The Japanese stopped in front of a small door. The inspector gave the word and six men drove their crowbars and axes into the door, and it broke from its hinges. There was a blind alley beyond with a steel barred door at the end of it. The axemen smashed this in, only to find another door. This down, the police entered a little smoke-hung room where twenty Chinamen sat huddled around a fan tan board. The man with the mask pointed out the men to be arrested, and three policemen were left to guard them.

Meantime other policemen were at work in other places. Gambling houses after gambling houses were raided in the same fashion, and loonkers on outside the police lines thought the Hip Sings and the On Leong Tong had gone mad again. Chinese poured out of their little cubbies and literally flooded the streets until the policemen drove them back again. More uniformed men were soon summoned from the Oak and Elizabeth street stations. The police were everywhere, Lieutenant Detectives Underhill, Harrigan, Kelly, Eagan and Gleason doing a big part of the directing.

Fifty Men in One Place.

Before 8 o'clock six places in Doyers street, seven in Mott street and five in Pell street had been raided, and the raiding still continued. At Mock Duck's place fifty men were found. No. 17 Mott street is said to be run by Tom Lee, the leader of the On Leongs. Many of the places raided were in a row, one gambling house after another, and all sorts of games were going on, American as well as Chinese.

In all, up to 10 o'clock, twenty places had been raided. During the raids the police drew lines around the surrounding blocks so that none of the men who were wanted could escape.

A novel placard was found in Mock Duck's club. Rudely translated by the masked Japanese, it read:

Those who please to gamble, lay down your money and watch the game close. It may be gained, may be lost. For credit the cashier will be held responsible. Any move in your sleeves and your gain will be confiscated. Counterfeit bills will be confiscated without notice. Dollars and bills limit at \$20. On any bad move, every body will take care of himself. Each who gambles must keep away from the table. When the covers are opened and the buttons are counted the game is done. Thus the regulations of this house are the same with the others in the street.

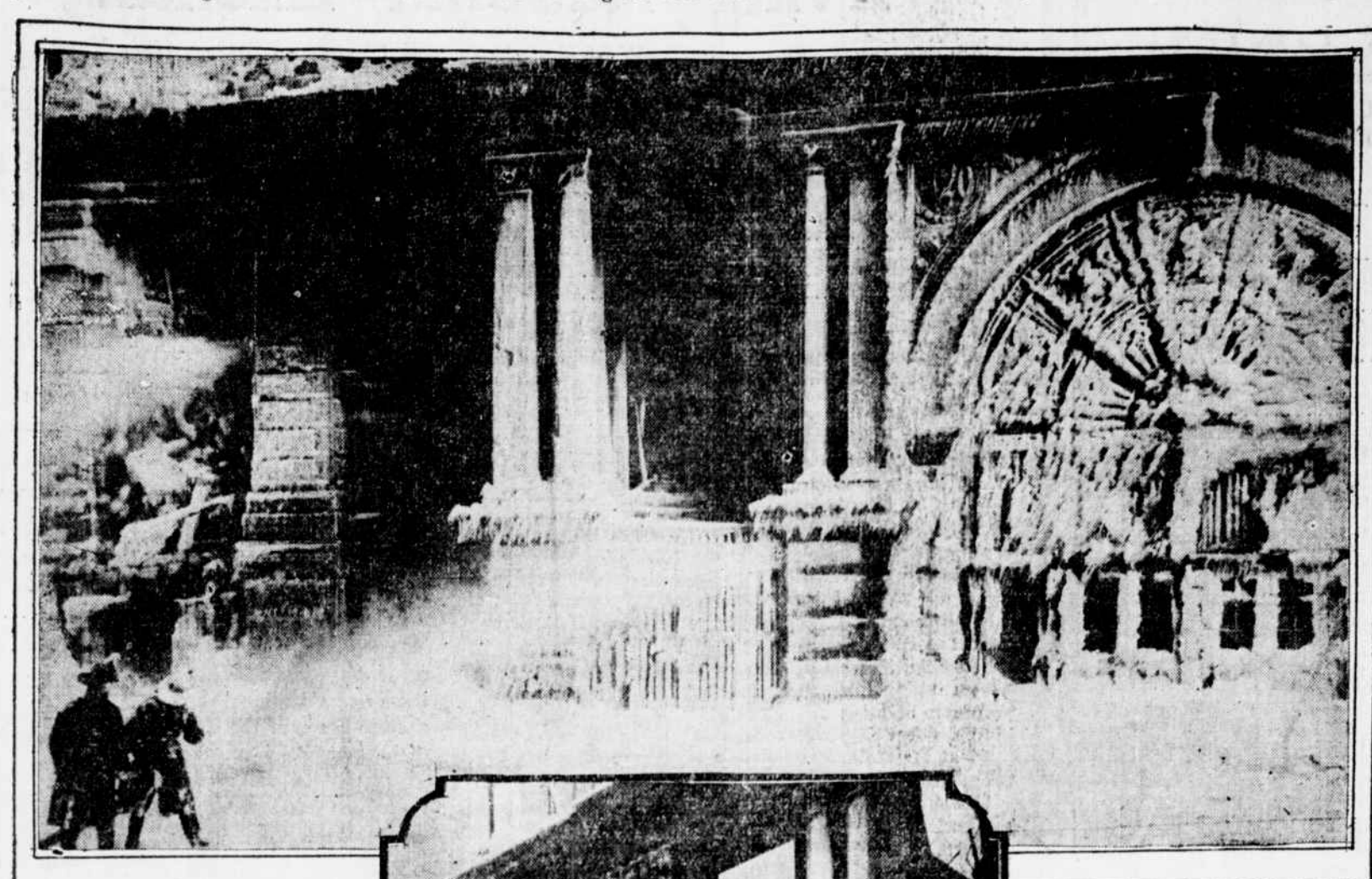
After the raid Chinatown looked as if a Western cyclone had whirled through the three streets. Broken glass and splintered wood were everywhere. The prisoners were hurried to the Elizabeth street station, where their friends began to flock in numbers with quilts and baskets of weird and curious dainties. Some of the visitors were the white wives of the prisoners.

Three heavy boxes of money were taken to the police station on No. 24 Pell street. The police say that thousands of dollars will be taken from the houses, as well as a large quantity of opium and pipes.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY.
Premier Carrier of the South.
Through Trains Daily from New York to the South. Highest Class Service. N. Y. Office, 351 Fifth Ave., cor. 29th St. Telephone 2215 Madison Sq.—Advt.

THE FROST KING'S PART IN THE FIRE FIGHTERS' BATTLE WITH THE EQUITABLE BLAZE.

Great bronze grill at main entrance of ruined building covered with ice. Hose stream freezing as it strikes the heated walls.



ROOSEVELT BRANDS DINER AS A "LIAR"

Quoted as Saying He Was Not Candidate, but Would Run if Nominated.

DIFFER AS TO SPEECH

Ex-President Talks at Dinner of Aldine Association—"Most Misrepresented Man in America."

A man who was at the dinner given last night at the Aldine Association, No. 200 Fifth Avenue, for Theodore Roosevelt as saying during his address: "I am not a candidate for the Presidency, but if nominated I will run."

The dinner declined to make known his identity. Reporters were not allowed to enter the dining room.

Another diner quoted Colonel Roosevelt as having said: "I am not a candidate. I will not be a candidate. I do not want to be a candidate for the Presidency. I would not give out this statement if I thought newspaper men were here. I know I am talking with honorable men."

A third diner quoted him as saying, emphatically, "I will not be a candidate."

A fourth diner attributed the following statement to ex-President Roosevelt: "I am the most misrepresented man in America."

When the dinner ended the ex-President, accompanied by Lyman Abbott and several club members, appeared in the ground floor corridor of the clubhouse.

"During your address did you say that you are not a candidate for the Presidency, but that if you were nominated you would run?" he was asked.

Colonel Roosevelt turned on his heel and faced the reporter. His jaws set firmly and his eyes snapped.

"Any man who came down from the dinner and quoted me as a liar!" he declared.

ROOSEVELT OREGON'S CANDIDATE.

Salem, Ore., Jan. 9.—A petition to place the name of Theodore Roosevelt on the primary ballot for President has been received by the Secretary of State. It was filed by Oliver H. Hickey, of Portland.

WANT STEEL TRUST'S HEAD

Contempt Proceedings Unless Officials Produce Books.

(From The Tribune Bureau.)
Washington, Jan. 9.—Accusing the Steel Trust of denying the committee access to its records and asserting vehemently that the officers of that corporation will be brought before the bar of the House for contempt unless the documents wanted are immediately forthcoming, Chairman Stanley of the steel investigating committee to-night prepared a subpoena which will be served to-morrow on R. A. Farrell, president of the United States Steel Corporation. The president of the corporation will be ordered to produce within the next twenty days practically every document of importance in the offices of the Steel Trust.

Chairman Stanley declared that he was tired of the trifling of the Steel Corporation officials, whom he charged with having made various excuses for their failure to turn the books, profit and loss statements and other documents desired to a representative of the committee.

Among the books and papers which the steel trust and its subsidiaries are ordered to produce—some of them dating back to the days when Andrew Carnegie was the steel king, and prior to the formation of the trust itself—are the following:

The profit and loss statements of all subsidiary companies of the Steel Corporation from 1901 to 1910 inclusive; minutes of all meetings of the officers of the corporation's subsidiaries; minutes of the Carnegie Steel Company prior to April 1, 1901; minutes of the United States Steel Company, the National Steel Company and subsidiary companies; minutes of the officers of the corporation itself; schedules of profits of principal products; letters that passed between President Farrell and William E. Corey in November, 1909, withdrawn from documents furnished the committee's account; all cost sheets at the various plants of the corporation; and a statement of the salaries and emoluments paid officials and other documents relating to the formation and operation of the trust.



WHERE VAULT WATCHMAN DIED.

Broadway and Cedar street corner, where steel bars in basement windows were cut to save William Giblin and his helpers, imprisoned in the offices of the Mercantile Safe Deposit Company.

BILLION IN VAULTS SAFE

Tremendous Amount of Negotiable Securities Still Under Ruins of Equitable Building.

The vaults of the Equitable Building, which included the vaults of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, the vaults of the banking firms which had their quarters in the block and the vaults of the Mercantile Safe Deposit Company, sheltered a tremendous sum in negotiable securities, which aggregated, according to the estimate of a high officer of the Equitable, fully \$1,000,000,000.

Leading in this big total were the \$300,000,000 worth of securities held by the Equitable Life Assurance Society in its vaults. These securities were the property of the life insurance company alone.

The bankers whose quarters were in the Equitable block, and more particularly the safe deposit company, which held millions in securities for estates and individuals, could give only approximate estimates of their securities in the vaults, for the reason that the books, from which alone could be gathered a specific total of these securities, were locked away with the securities in the vaults.

The following is a list of estimates which does not deal with the smaller aggregations of securities on deposit with the Mercantile Safe Deposit Company, which would probably raise the grand total several million dollars more:

Equitable Life Assurance Society, Inc.	\$300,000,000
Equitable Trust Company (in cash)	100,000,000
Equitable Trust Company (in securities)	100,000,000
Equitable Trust Company (in cash)	100,000,000
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E. E. Rittenhouse, who spoke for William A. Day, president of the Equitable, said that the Equitable had perfect faith in the stability of its vaults, and the fact that \$300,000,000 worth of their securities were in the vaults hidden in the ruins was not worrying its officers in the slightest.

"If it had been a slow, long fire," said Mr. Rittenhouse, "there might have been cause to worry on account of the heat driving through the walls of the vaults and charring the papers, but as it happened the vaults are not covered with any slow burning debris. Even in that event, however, there would have been no loss to the Equitable, for the reason that the State Insurance Department has a duplicate record of all the securities held by the company, and the securities themselves could have been duplicated through that medium, if it was necessary."

Mr. Rittenhouse received hourly reports from the scene of the fire on this matter of the safety of the vaults, and he announced about 4 o'clock in the afternoon that he had been informed by the fire chief that the vaults throughout the building were intact and that their contents were safe.

The records, actuarial data and all such papers which accumulate with the growth of an insurance company, and gain their value from their mass, were all safe, according to Mr. Rittenhouse. The most of them had been moved within the last year to vaults in the Hazen Building, where the greater part of the company's routine work was carried on, and of those which remained in the home office building duplicates were kept in the offices of the Hazen Building.

FIREMEN RISK LIVES TO RESCUE OTHERS

William Giblin, Trapped in Vault, Saves \$6,000,000 in Papers; One of Four Helpers Lost.

WATCHMAN DIES AT POST

Night Fireman Works at His Boilers in Great Peril, and One Man Is Dug Out Through Sidewalk Trap.

The great fire was fraught with thrilling situations. Firemen, reckless of their own safety, fought against peril of fire and falling masonry while they strove to rescue imprisoned men in the basement of the big building. Employees in the building proved themselves heroes in a dozen different ways. Some of these men exposed themselves to almost certain death in the attempt to prevent boiler explosions or to save valuable records kept in the safety deposit vaults.

William Giblin, president of the Mercantile Safe Deposit Company, which had offices on the first floor of the burned building, owes his life to the bravery of a squad of firemen working under the direction of Fire Commissioner Johnson.

Mr. Giblin had hurried to the scene of the fire from the Hotel Breslin, and had made his way into the basement of the building. He was accompanied by William Sheehan, a special officer; Frank W. Peck, a watchman, and two porters. The president of the company opened the massive steel doors of the vaults with his passkey, and entered, followed by the other men. There were papers in the vaults representing more than \$6,000,000, and it was these which Mr. Giblin was after. Having secured the papers, Giblin and the others started back toward the doors, prepared to make their way again to the street. Giblin tried the door and found it was locked. He had left the keys on the outside in his hurry to get in, and the steel bolts, working on a spring lock, had sprung back into place. Imprisoned in the steel box, with a mountain of fire roaring above them and the sound of tons of brick and mortar falling on the flooring above their heads, the men knew they faced almost certain death.

The Rescue of Giblin.

Led by Giblin, they ran to the steel barred windows facing on Broadway and shouted for help. Then they wrenched at the two-inch bars, trying to tear them from their fastenings in sheer desperation. Their cries were heard by firemen in the street. Chief Kenlon called for volunteers from among the men. Every man on the job stepped forward. Even while they awaited the word of command from their chief, great masses of stone and steel cornice work fell crashing in front of the window. There was no more dangerous spot in the burning area of the building.

After vainly trying to batter down the heavy steel bars with their axes, the firemen got backsways and began to cut away the bars. Firemen Brown, Larkin and Young, of Truck 1, did this work with feverish haste, but their strength was spent under hazardous conditions, and to Giblin and the others within it seemed maddeningly slow. It was fully an hour and a half before the first bar was cut through. In the mean time other firemen, directed by Kenlon, played a constant stream of water on the flames, which momentarily approached nearer.

A heavy rope was now tied about the end of the cut bar and a dozen men pulled on it until an opening was made, through which Giblin was first pulled, semi-conscious and exhausted. Then the others were taken out. Sheehan was in a serious condition.

Another incident, in which a man's life was snuffed out, occurred in the vaults of the safe deposit company. John Campeon, captain of the vaults, was standing guard at the doors, when firemen warned him to escape while there was yet time. Campeon, mindful of the great wealth which was entrusted to his care, refused. Even later, when escape by way of the floors had been cut off by the seething wall of flames and the only path to safety lay by way of the barred window on Broadway,

Invisible Kryptok eyeglasses for near and distant vision. Spencer's, 7 Maiden Lane.—Advt.

BIGGEST FIRE IN YEARS DESTROYS EQUITABLE'S HOME

Six Lives Lost and Nineteen Persons Injured, but Result as to Property Value Is a Gain to Assurance Society.

VAULTS WITH BILLION INTACT.

Blaze Kept from Spreading Despite High Winds—Cold Weather Adds to Firemen's Troubles, Water Freezing Almost as Soon as Pumped on Building—Battalion Chief Missing.

The most extensive fire in this city since the burning of the United States Express Company's building, in lower Broadway, six years ago, destroyed the eight story structure of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, covering a block in the financial district, early yesterday morning.

Though many millions of dollars had been expended on the building, its destruction resulted in a gain in property value for the Equitable Society, which no doubt now will carry out plans filed in 1908 for a building of sixty-two stories.

The property was recently appraised at \$13,000,000, of which \$2,000,000 was for the building itself.

Six persons lost their lives in the fire and a score or more were injured. Two employees of the Savarin restaurant were dashed to death on the sidewalk below when a rope on which they were descending from the burning building was severed by the flames, and a third perished in the furnace. A porter jumped from a window. The fifth was a watchman, who refused to leave the vaults and was suffocated.

Battalion Chief William Walsh was one of several firemen to be caught under a falling ceiling, on the fourth floor. The others escaped, and Chief Walsh, who has not been seen since, is believed to have perished.

Practically a gale blew during the fire, making the firemen's work all the more difficult, but the blaze was confined to the Equitable Building. The cold weather further hampered the fire fighters. Water froze not only on the building, which at length came to be a mass of wreckage incased in ice, but also on the firemen themselves.

The vaults, containing \$1,000,000,000 of securities, were reported at a late hour yesterday to be intact, though buried under a mass of ruins.

The famous old Equitable Life Building, built a generation ago of granite and trimmed with rare marbles and rosewood, yielded up its seared and worldly soul yesterday in red flame and yellow smoke. Late last night its open shell alone remained standing.

Within the shell the wreck still smoldered and blazed fitfully, gleaming red through the frost bound window holes. In front on Broadway and on all three sides in the narrow canyons of Pine, Nassau and Cedar streets the firemen kept pouring into the blackened canyon streams of water pulverized by the gale from the harbor, which drifted in clouds of freezing spray over the entire neighborhood, blinding everything in ice.

Though the Equitable Building, from its inception in 1860 until completed by additions twenty years later cost millions to construct, and the manner of its passing paralyzed the business heart of the country for twenty-four hours, yet its loss has actually added several hundred thousand dollars to the value of the most valuable block in New York.

In the heart of the Wall Street district, this land is now worth more than when covered by an outworn encumbrance.

But the lives of six men were sacrificed for this gain, among them Battalion Chief William J. Walsh, who vanished from the sight of the living masses where on the fourth floor of the building, and William Campeon, captain of the watchmen employed by the Mercantile Safe Deposit Company. Campeon, faithful in death, still watched last night over the millions of valuables trapped in the Mercantile vaults. Passersby in Broadway, such few as the police allowed in the block, got a glimpse of an hand frozen to the steel bars of an outer door, where he had vainly clung for help. The other victims of the fire were three employees of the Café Savarin.

Famous Law Library Burns.

There burned with the building also the valuable law library on the seventh floor gathered by the late Henry Baldwin Hyde for the Lawyers' Club, which occupied half of the building's fifth floor; oceans of papers and records belonging to such tenants as the Union Pacific and Southern Pacific railroads, and the many lawyers with offices there. But the \$1,000,000,000 in cash and securities which the fireproof vaults of the Mercantile Safe Deposit Company, the Equitable Assurance Society, Equitable Trust Company and the half dozen other banking houses in the building held is considered safe.

The Equitable Assurance Society had been keeping the originals of its policies and all its more valuable records in the Hazen Building, at No. 2 Albany street, for over a year, so that its loss in this respect, supposed at first to have been irreparable, is really negligible.

The biggest single fire that New York has had since that which destroyed the building of the United States Express Company six years ago started in the storeroom of the Café Savarin about 4 o'clock in the morning. The Café Savarin occupied the southwest quarter of the basement, at Pine street and Broadway. There the bakers were at work early in the morning, and the police say they fought the fire for two hours before making its existence known.

They spoke instead to William Davis, the night engineer, who turned in an alarm in the building itself, calling to his aid a force of cleaners working on the different floors. All the private apparatus available was brought to bear on the flames, but they continued to feed greedily upon the mass of linen and other inflammable material in their path. One of the fighters, realizing the

helplessness of the situation, rushed out into Nassau street at about 5:30 o'clock and communicated his terror to Patrolman Foley, who occupied a fixed post at Nassau and Pine streets.

Policeman's Advent Resented.

Foley ran for the building, rapping his night stick on the pavement, which summoned Sergeant Casey. They met and entered the building, only to be greeted by Davis with a "What are you butting in for?"

"Go on, Foley," commanded Casey, and Foley went, returning as quickly to send in an alarm at the fire box on the corner.

Immediately the flames burst with a roar through the storeroom's thin partition into the elevator shafts and seethed up to the fifth floor, where they spread out into the luxurious quarters of the Lawyers' Club. In the absence of Deputy Chief Blinn, Chief Kuss, of the 1st Battalion, was the first on the ground. He immediately turned in a second alarm, which brought Chief Kenlon.

The fire in almost no time had engulfed the three top floors of the eight story building. Chief Kenlon did not bother to turn in a third alarm. He turned in a fourth instead, and then the "borough alarm," which summoned a dozen engines from Brooklyn.

A gale that froze the blood swept in over Trinity churchyard and tore at the flames, blowing them into a vast torch, which persuaded many a dweller on Brooklyn Heights, across the East River, that the sun had risen in the west. Blazing chairs, desks and rafters were sucked up like sparks, to fall on the roofs of the skyscrapers to the east. Chief Kenlon stationed men on the roofs of every building between Nassau and Pearl streets to nip every incipient blaze in the bud, in the mean time warning janitors and caretakers to keep all windows closed.

Just as the Brooklyn apparatus, for which the entire north roadway of the Brooklyn Bridge had been cleared, that it might run unimpeded to the rescue, had arrived abreast the Equitable Building, in Nassau street, three employees of the Café Savarin were seen to climb along the coping of the roof on the Cedar street side, pursued by the flames. Firemen below made out their forms faintly against the dawn breaking in the east. The three gained the cupola at Cedar street and Broadway and shrieked for help. Then they knelt and prayed.

Killed When Life Line Burns.

Five firemen threw scaling ladders against the side of the building and ran up, only to be driven back by the flames which belched suddenly from the windows. Then other firemen from the windows of the skyscraper across Cedar street shot a life line to the desperate men. They caught it and made it fast, but as two of them grasped it and were being lowered to safety a tongue of flame from one of the windows reached up and with a lick severed the rope as if it had been twine, and the two men were dashed to bits below.

The third man, at sight of the fate of his comrades, stepped back with horror and plunged into the furnace at the rear. His name may never be known. John Sazello and Giuseppe Condi were his companions who met death in Cedar street. Sazello landed directly in front of Timothy P. Manning, a fireman attached to Truck 6, who immediately became hysterical and was removed to the Hudson Street Hospital. Manning remained delirious up to a late hour last night as a result of his experience.

Kenlon soon had all the streets round about the burning building choked with the black smoke from fire engines, while taut hose stretched from every direction

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